lost before she could manoeuver or her consorts come to her assistance.
The Victory hastened on against the Bucentaure, which carried the standard of Villeneuve, as fast as the treacherous breeze would permit, and in turn attacked on the north. She too was in advance of her consorts, and was riddled before they could come to her relief. For a time the Redoutable withstood the onset both of the Victory and the next in line; but three more British vessels coming up, the five finally broke through, capturing the Bucentaure, the Redoutable, and the Santis-sima Trinidad. Both the English flag-ships were saved, but the fighting was terrific on both sides. To the over-confidence of the British was opposed a dull timidity in their opponents, and in the end this began to tell. The allied van failed to use their guns with either rapidity or precision, while their inner line drifted away to leeward and was enveloped by the enemy. It was about half-past one when Nelson received a mortal wound from the maintop of the Redoutable, but he lived to hear the news of victory. He was a victim to his own system, which subordinated caution and every other idea to the single one of success. His men loved him just as Napoleon's did, and fought desperately for his approval. He was still in his prime, and in many minds his loss offset the victory. Of the whole armada, eleven ships — five French and six Spanish—escaped under Gravina; four put to sea under Dumanoir, but were eventually captured.
That night there was a violent storm. It continued throughout the twenty-third, and on the twenty-fourth three of the eleven, vessels which had escaped under Admiral Gravina, having put out to cut off prizes from the British, were dashed to pieces on the shore; all but four of the English prizes were wrecked, and of Ville-